

FLORIDA STATE DIRECTORY

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Comptroller—A. C. Croom.
Attorney-General—Wm. B. Lamar.
Treasurer—J. B. Whitfield.
Superintendent of Education—W. N. Hieatt.
Commissioner of Lands—H. B. Melin.
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Representatives—S. M. Sparkman and R. W. Davis.

Duval County Directory.
Judge Circuit Court—Jos. B. Wall.
Clerk Circuit Court—H. E. Carlton.
Sheriff—T. E. Fielder.
Tax Collector—J. D. Southerland.
Tax Assessor—F. M. Cooper.
Treasurer—F. E. Parker.
County Judge—A. E. Foster.
Superintendent of Schools—M. F. Giddens.
Representative—R. E. Brown.

Punta Gorda Directory.
Mayor—A. C. Freeman.
Marshal—J. H. Bowman.
Clerk and Assessor—W. B. Hardee.
Collector—Chas. Smith.
Treasurer—W. A. Roberts.
Justice of the Peace—W. B. Hardee.
Council meets in regular session on the first Tuesday of each month.

Arrivals and Departures of Mails.
Northern Mail—Arrives 9:30 p. m. 8:15 a. m. daily; departs 4:30 p. m. and 7:05 a. m. daily.
South Bound—Leaves Punta Gorda by boat for St. James, Sanibel, Punta Rassa and Myers at 7 a. m. daily except Sunday; returning arrives at 2 p. m.
Grove City and Englewood—Departs daily by boat at 7 a. m.; arrives at 9 p. m.
Charlotte Harbor and Harbor View—Departs daily by boat at 7 a. m.; arrives at 9:15 p. m.

JOSHUA MIZELL, Postmaster

Churches and Societies.

Episcopal Church, Rev. T. J. Purdie, rector. Services at 11 a. m. and 7:30 p. m. on the first and third Sundays; Sunday school at 9:30 a. m. each Sunday afternoon.
Presbyterian—Rev. C. H. Ferris, pastor. Services second and fourth Sundays at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school every Sunday afternoon at 3:30.
Methodist—Rev. H. W. Joiner, pastor. Services at 7 p. m. every Sunday and at 11 a. m. on the first and third Sundays at the Punta Gorda church; Sunday school every Sunday 10 a. m.; prayer meeting Wednesday evening of each week. Epworth League meets every Sunday 8:30 p. m. Charlotte Harbor Methodist church—Services at 7 p. m. on second and fourth Sundays and at 7 p. m. on Saturdays previous.

Punta Gorda Baptist Church—Rev. J. E. McIntosh, pastor. Services every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 7:00 p. m. Sunday school at 10 a. m. every Sunday. Prayer meeting every Tuesday night.
Seventh-day Adventist sabbath school 10 a. m. preaching 3 p. m. and 7 p. m. Bible study Wednesday 7 p. m. C. B. Stephenson, Elder.
Y. P. S. C. R.—Meets every Thursday evening in the Presbyterian church at 7:30.

Masonic—Punta Gorda Lodge No. 115, F. & A. M. Meets on Friday before second Saturday of each month in Masonic hall. J. M. Samuel, W. M.; R. L. Earnest, Sec.
Pythian—Tarpon Lodge No. 36, K. of P. Meets on Wednesday night of each week in Masonic hall. H. L. Blakely, C. C.; A. K. K. of S. & S.
Woodmen of the World—DeSoto Camp No. 19. Meets in Masonic hall second and fourth Thursdays. A. K. Demore, C. C.

Punta Gorda Business Directory.
A. Ros—Wholesale and Retail Dry, Grain, Fertilizers, etc.
Mrs. A. Ros—Manager Hotel Dade.
W. H. Burland—Physician and Surgeon.
A. F. Devey—Owner and operator Charlotte Harbor Lighterage and Stevedore Co.
Geo. H. Farrington—Insurance.
M. V. Williams—Cashier Punta Gorda Bank.

The Earnest Dry Goods Co.—Dry Goods, shoes, coats, furnishings.
A. C. Freeman—Hardware and furniture.
J. W. Booth—Agent Plant System.
J. R. Elliott—Dry Goods and Notions.
H. K. Seward—Groceries, shoes, hats, etc.
Gente Furnishings, Hardware, and Paints.
Geo. T. Brown & Co.—Wholesale Fish and Oysters.

A. W. Gilchrist—Real Estate, Insurance.
Punta Gorda Market and Ship Supply Co.—Meats, vegetables, produce and groceries.
Southernland Bros.—Produce and Groceries.
Wm. Crouch—Real Estate.
T. O. H. James—Fruits, confections, etc.
H. J. Spence and I. H. Trabue—Attorneys.
Geo. W. McLane & Sons—Hardware and Groceries.
Jas. A. Newcome—Groceries and Produce.
J. B. Cox—Fruit, confections, cigars, tobacco, cool drinks, etc.
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Telegraphic Address: "DEWEY," Punta Gorda, Fla. Scott's Code Used

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WHAT

WE OFFER THIS WEEK

One of the prettiest attractions ever offered in table ware is the sparkling, heavy, antique water, cream, salidas, cups and fruits—half gold in relief, on Emerald and Ruby glass, known as the American Beauty. Changeable as the Opal and very attractive; singly and in the usual six-piece sets.

This leads the more general assortment of Fine China, Ironstones and common table ware, Glassware, and assortment of plain to the most ornamental Lamps, and lanterns that almost light themselves!

A Full Assortment of Canned Goods, best grades and all fresh.

A new vegetable cooking oil, "The Wesson;" comes in 1lb cans at 25c, finer than butter and the coming fat for fine cooking.

Harness and Rocking Chairs.
Iron Bedsteads—Kitchen Sinks.

G. W. McLANE & SONS
DEALERS IN
Hardware Furniture,
and Groceries

CARNIVAL IN TAMPA.

A GREAT SHOW THERE

All of Next Week, January 27 to
February 1.

Under the auspices of the Tampa Light Infantry, there will be a street fair and carnival in Tampa beginning next Monday and continuing through the week. The attractions will be furnished by the Sturgis Cincinnati Carnival Co., whose exhibits are, while highly entertaining, are guaranteed to be without any and otherwise objectionable features.

Thursday, 30th inst., will be military day, when all the companies of the neighboring towns are expected to be present, give a grand parade, and participate in electing and crowning a queen.

A Georgia military band will furnish music day and night and the champion high diver of the world will give daily free exhibitions. All the attractions, which are numerous, are worth going to see.

Railroads and steamers will give special excursion rates and the Tampa folks will do everything needful to contribute to the enjoyment of visitors. Everybody is invited to come and bring his wife and children.

Sadly Bereaved.

Mr. J. H. Hill has suffered a series of very sad bereavements during the past few weeks. In December he lost his twin babies; and on January 4, his little son Eddie, a little over two years old, died suddenly of obstruction of the bowels.

But his crowning affliction came last Friday, when his beloved wife, after a lingering illness of more than six weeks passed over a river to rest in the celestial shade. Her body was committed to the grave next day, the obsequies being conducted by Rev. H. W. Joiner, pastor of the Methodist church.

The deceased, Mrs. Florence V. Hill, was a daughter of Rev. Jesse Knight of Manatee. She was born in Hillsborough county in 1863; joined the Methodist church in early girlhood; married Mr. Hill in 1880, and came here from Charlotte Harbor about four years ago. Besides her disconsolate husband, who leaves six children, from seven to seventeen years of age, to mourn her loss.

She was a devoted wife and mother, an exemplary Christian woman, and her death brings sincere grief to many friends.

Her bereaved ones have the heartfelt sympathy of the entire community.

Killed His Orange Trees.

Mr. W. J. Williams, a large grove owner and valuable citizen of Fort Ogden, had a very costly experience in an attempt by some unscrupulous ignoramus to cure his orange trees of some sort of disease. That was last spring. Some of the trees appeared to have footrot; and the ignorant, professing to know all about it, undertook to cure the trees for one or two dollars each. He applied some sort of acid to the roots and now about two hundred of Mr. Williams' largest and finest trees are dead.

Such trees as this rascal killed are worth \$50 each; consequently, Mr. Williams' loss is about \$10,000. The same fellow doctored small lots of orange trees for several other Fort Ogden growers and they likewise departed this life. It is a wonder the good Fort Ogden people did not throw him in the river with an anchor tied to his neck, but doubtless he escaped before the trees died.

Circuit Court.

Circuit Court at Arcadia last week disposed of several important cases. Amongst them were Henry McDowell, colored, found guilty of murder and sent up for life; Richard Loffers and Gus Haines, blind tigers, fined \$100 each; J. D. L. Livingston, colored, for murder, was sentenced to twenty years. One murder case was continued.

Mykka Fire Swept.

A short note to THE HERALD from Mykka city, January 18, reads: "A destructive fire occurred here today. Several blocks were burned.

"The warehouse and outbuildings of the Punta Gorda Transfer Co. narrowly escaped destruction.

"In the suburbs not a building is left standing.

"Loss at present unknown."

No further details of the conflagration have been received at this office, but some doubting Thomases on Marian avenue don't believe that the destruction of property has been so very awful as might be supposed.

A Deep Mystery.

It is a mystery why women endure backache, headache, nervousness, sleepless nights, melancholy, fainting and dizziness when thousands have proved that Electric Bites will quickly cure such troubles. "I suffered for years with kidney trouble," writes Mrs. Phoebe Cherley of Peterson, Ia., and a lame back pained me so I could not dress myself, but Electric Bites wholly cured me, and, though 73 years old, I am able to do all my household work, overcome constipation, improve my appetite, give perfect health. Only 50c at all drug stores.

CUPOLA OF ST. PETER'S.

Its Outline Reminds an Unparalleled Idea in Architecture.

The greatest of the architectural enterprises Michael Angelo was called upon to take up was the completing of St. Peter's, and he devoted himself through pure obedience to this task, refusing all compensation, offering his unpaid services in that way both to his master and to the service of religion.

He had to struggle against the opposing ideas of the architects in charge of the monument, who held by later plans than those of the first designer, and their emity, and misapprehension of what was best aimed at a continual thwarting of all his intentions. He managed, however, to bring back the building to its original plan, that of his greatest enemy, Bramante, upon whom he has left this noble judgment. "It cannot be denied," said he, "that Bramante laid the first plan of St. Peter's clear and simple, and all who have departed from his scheme have departed from the truth."

We have not the great cathedral as Michael wished it, nor does he see in it the creation of his genius. But the one thing that Michael Angelo left to his successors in the work is the cupola, whose outline remains as an unparalleled idea, as important a landmark in architecture as his other records of achievement in painting and sculpture. It is the mark of Rome and the expression of Rome's grandeur—John La Farge in McClure's.

The Pelican Feeds.

There is a shy old pelican in Central park which has an almost human way of noticing what goes on about him without seeming to do so. The other day two herons in the same cage with him fought over a fish. One had made the catch, but the other had undertaken to wrest the morsel from its rightful possessor.

They squabbled over it like two boys who have hold of the same baseball bat. The scuffle brought them into the neighborhood of the old pelican, who stood, apparently asleep, with his big bill tucked away under a wing. Then the heron dropped its fish, and the battle went on.

No sooner had it been dropped than the great bill came out from underneath the wing and the fish went into the pelican's pouch. Then the head disappeared again. The pelican was plainly asleep.

When one heron gave up the fight and flew away, the other looked about for the prize. It was nowhere to be seen. The keeper of the bird cage, who usually asserts that he saw a twinkling in the eye which the pelican opened to give a glance at the retreating heron—New York Times.

Peculiar Roses.

One of the wars of the roses, the fiercest and deadliest of them all, was fought on a field where, curiously enough, a rose peculiar to the spot grows or used to grow. It is a rare plant now, and the reason is explained by Mr. Leadman in his account of the terrible battle at Towton on Palm Sunday, 1461, he says: "I cannot conclude this story of Towton field without an allusion to the little dwarf bushes peculiar to the 'Field of the White Rose and the Red'."

"They are said to have been plentiful at the commencement of the century, but the visitors have taken them away in such numbers that they have become rare. Such vandalism is simply shameful, for the plants are said to be unique and unable to exist in any other soil. The little roses are white, with a red spot on the center of each of their petals, and as they grow old the under surface becomes a dull red color."—London News.

Cave Animals.

No animals whatever are found in the dry parts of caves. Dampness or a certain degree of moisture seems to be essential to their existence. Under the stones one finds white, eyeless worms, and in the damp soil all around about are to be discovered blind beetles in little holes which they excavate and bugs of the thousand leg sort. These thousand leg bugs, which in the upper world devour fragments of dead leaves and other vegetable debris, sustain life in the caverns by feeding upon decayed wood, fungus growths and bat dung. Kneeling in a beaten path one can see numbers of them gnawed about hardened drips of tallow from tourists' candles. There are plenty of crickets also.

A Varnishing Tip.

When varnishing wood, the work must be done in a warm room at a temperature of at least 75 degrees F. At a lower temperature the moisture in the air will give a milky and cloudy appearance to the varnish. On the other hand, at the higher temperature the moisture is not precipitated until the alcohol of the varnish has sufficiently evaporated to leave a thin smooth film of shellac. The durability and gloss are dependent on this.

Mystery Both Ways.

Pauline—Just think of the awful things we know about people whom we don't know!

Emeline—Yes. Isn't it wonderful! And just think what the people whom we don't know may know about us!

Detroit Free Press.

The Doctor's Call.

Hunt—I have seen Dr. Pellet's carriages at your house three or four times lately. It has alarmed me greatly.

Turner—Nobody's sick. Pellet merely called to collect a bill. Nothing serious, I assure you.

PELTS AS CURRENCY.

MINKS AND OTTERS WERE LIKE UNTO GOVERNMENT BONDS.

The Days When Muskies and Coons and Foxes and Wolves and Bears Were the People's Money, So to Speak, in New York State.

The man of leisure from New York city who had been lasing away a fortnight or so of his not particularly valuable time at Kyrwick, in Ulster county, N. Y., had made up his mind to return to his haunts in the metropolis and nonchalantly tossed the tavern keeper a one hundred dollar note out of which to take pay for his bill. The landlord could not change the note. Neither could Deacon Blimber, who was by.

It was not until it had been sent all about the neighborhood that any one was found with currency enough on hand to "break" the bill. Farmer Deacons had just received pay for his season's tator crop and had change for more than \$100.

"It beats all, an' it's singular," said the landlord as he counted out the New Yorker's change, "what folks does an' does with all their ready money. There don't seem to be no currency no more—no currency a-circulat' at all."

This seemed to be Deacon Blimber's opportunity.

"You orto ben here, then," said he, "when my folks settled, somethin' his seventy-five years an' more ago. There was currency enough then, I want to tell ye. It wa'n't silver, though. Nor it wa'n't gold. Nor it wa'n't paper. It was pelts."

"The circ'lattin' mejum o' the deocrite in them days run from muskrat clean up to bair. There was minks an' there was otters, an' the man that could manage to harvest plenty o' them critters was the man that stood way up in the money market. But it wa'n't every one that could gether in minks an' otters, an' so muskrats an' coons an' foxes an' wolves an' bairs was the real circ'lattin' mejum in them days."

"Minks an' otters was what you mow call govern'ment bonds. Muskrats an' coons an' foxes an' wolves an' bairs was the people's money, so to speak. If you went to the tavern an' planked down your muskrat skin, you'd git your snifter o' rum, and tawny, but you wouldn't git a change. If you planked down a coon skin, though, you'd git your snifter an' two muskrat skins change."

"A feller that went in with a coon skin he was to be able to fix, but with a foxskin or a wolfskin he could shop around quite some. A man with a foxskin—oh, well! Nobody didn't ask no questions about a man that had a bairskin with him when he went tradin'!"

"It didn't seem pertic'lar queer in them days the way things was run on that pelt currency, but I've an idee it'd strike folks a little sing'lar nowadays. 'Pears to me I'd have to sport out laughin' my own self if a feller should come to me an' say:

"Deacon, I'm a little financially embarrassed today. Ken you lend me a foxskin for a couple o' days or so?"

"That surely would make me snicker if I heard it now. An' to hear some shoppin' goin' on today like I use to hear it many a time I bet would set me to gigglin' like all possessed. Somethin' like this, fer instance, over yonder to Uncle Sils's store:

"How much fer them air cowskin boots, Uncle Sils?"

"Them? Why, a fox an' a coon."

"Lectle high, Sils. Can't stan' it. Give you three coons fer 'em."

"No. Can't be did nohow. Best I ken-do is three coons an' a muskrat."

"That'd be funnier to me than a nigger show now. An' somethin' like this would bust my buttons, I know it would:

"Deacon, ken you give me change fer a wolf?"

"Yes, but I'll have to give you all muskrats."

"But we didn't think nothin' o' it in them days, 'cause it was reg'lar business. That circ'lattin' mejum was a pelt, a pelt onhandy in one way, though. Folks had to carry their currency around in a bushel bag if they was out to do much cash business, an' if they was bairskin men, why, Judas preachin', they had to carry it in a wagon.

"But them days o' pelt currency was the good old days, I tell you. Still, I ken the deacon after a pause, 'I dunno but I ken manage to sildle along just as cheerful in these days o' gold an' silver an' paper currency, even though it is all pervadin' skeerce.'"—New York Times.

Tastes Differ.

People have different tastes. Do not grumble at your neighbor because he does not accept your opinion and does not like your amusements. The writer of this does not like football, and a party of students on the streets giving a "yell" annoys him, but other people like football, and we are willing to stand the "yell" and football. It is foolish to condemn a man because his ideas do not agree with yours.—Atlantic Globe.

Troubling of the Rich.

Mrs. Parvenue—The reason we stay longer in the country, my dear, is because your papa is beginning to make so much money.

George—Say, ma, do you think we'll ever get so high toned that we'll have to stay in the country till it's cold enough to freeze you?—Smart Set.

Promptness Unappreciated.
George—What's de matter, kid?
Willie—It's dis way (booboo). De boss told me to be prompt about everythin', an' now he's fired me because I was too prompt about goin' home.—Chicago News.

Old Soldier's Experience.
M. M. Austin, a civil war veteran of Winchester, Ind., writes: "My wife was sick a long time to spite of good doctors' treatment, but was wholly cured by Dr. King's New Life Pills, which worked wonders for her health. They always help me. Try them. Only 25c at all drug stores."

IT WAS A PRETTY PISTOL.

But It Proved Too Expensive For the Bachelor Girls.

"No, we don't keep a pistol in our apartment any more," said the girl who draws for the magazines and shares a small flat with a young woman who teaches in one of the private schools; "not since an experience we had last winter. Before that we did, and we had a perfect beauty of a pistol, too," she added in a tone of regretful reminiscence, "silver mounted and handle inlaid with pearl. We spent a good deal more than we could afford for it, but we didn't like those plain steel things. Now it's gone, though. I had to give it away, and I don't suppose Marian will ever consent to our having another."

"You see, this is what happened: I was the one who knew more about handling a pistol, so I used to sleep with it under my pillow. We were both awfully afraid of burglars, and after there had been a series of robberies in our neighborhood we were so terror stricken that we were ready to take alarm at the slightest sound. One night, to our horror, we were both aroused by a creaking noise and then a light bump, just as if some one, tiptoeing around, had stumbled against something. For an instant we were simply paralyzed with fright. Then, looking tremblingly about the room, I made out over in one corner a tall, dark figure, perfectly motionless. I reached cautiously for the pistol, aimed and fired twice. The figure did not fall, and the horribly strange thing was that it did not move or make a sound. Yet I felt sure I had hit it."

"Although we were frightened half to death we felt we must get up and light the gas to investigate. By that time people from the other apartments in the building were rushing to our door to find out what the shots meant. Well, the light revealed matters. I had simply ruined Marian's new forty dollar coat which hung on a hook in that corner. The noise we heard? Oh, that was some one on the floor below who had come in late and stumbled against a chair."—New York Tribune.

WANTED TO GET IN.

He Was Willing to Join if It Didn't Cost Too Much.

A lank, long countryman stood outside of the reading room door of the library of congress and looked with longing eyes at its gorgeous interior. Admittance had been refused on his declaring that he had no intention of reading, but he lingered near the door hoping something would turn up to let him in. Finally he again approached the doorkeeper.

"You say I can't get in, boss?" he asked.

"Not unless you want to read," was the discouraging reply.

"A dollar wouldn't be any object to you, would it, boss?"

The doorkeeper shook his head and waved the lank visitor away. In a few moments three members of congress approached and, nodding to the doorkeeper, said, "We are members, you know," and passed in through the door. The countryman darted forward again.

"I say, boss," he asked confidentially, "how much does it cost to be a member? I belong to one lodge already, but if it ain't too all-fired much I'll go you, for I certainly do want to get in there and set down a spell; I certainly do."—New York Tribune.

Atlantic Humor.

"At one of the public dinners given by Ameer Abdur Rahman Khan," says Mr. Stephen Wheeler in his story of the ameer's life, "an excited native rushed into the midst of the assembly and prostrated himself in front of the ameer."

"Snibb!" he gasped. "The Russians are coming!"

"From what direction are they visible?" asked the ameer without changing his expression.

"From yonder hill!" replied the native.

"Climb that tree and watch until they come!" was the royal command.

"The native ascended to the topmost branches and was forced to remain until he dropped to the ground."

"Political upholsterers," whom Addison described as "grave persons," may see in this anecdote evidence of the ameer's full confidence in Russia's intentions toward Afghanistan. It is more probable that it was a manifestation of that grim humor which